

CHRONICLE-UNION.

BRIDGEPORT, OCTOBER 11, 1934

Official Press.

LOCAL INTELLIGENCE.

Tax Levy.—On Monday the Board of Supervisors levied a tax of \$2.60 on the \$100, as follows:

For the State Fund, as fixed by the State Board of Equalization, viz:	
For the General Fund	1.00
For the School Fund	1.00
For the County Fund	1.00
For the Mendocino Insane Asylum Fund	0.15
For the State University Fund	0.05
For County purposes:	
For the State Fund	1.00
For the School Fund	1.00
For the County Fund	1.00
For the Mendocino Insane Asylum Fund	0.15
For the State University Fund	0.05
Total	\$2.60

The Beautiful Queen.—The Cantata of "Ester, the Beautiful Queen" will be rendered at Bryant's Hall on next Saturday evening by a chorus of twenty voices. It will be an entertainment well worth attending.

The Ticket.—In our next issue we shall review the Republican County Ticket, and show why it should receive the hearty support of the Party and taxpayers.

County Treasury.—The moneys in the County Treasury were counted on Monday and the amount was \$17,031.05.

Candidates.—In another column will be found the announcement of Superior Judge Baker for re-election.

The Board of Supervisors adjourned yesterday. The proceedings will be published next week.

The publication of the Election Proclamation is our excuse for not giving more news this week.

The young man who borrowed our wood saw will please return it. We want some exercise over fifteen cords of wood.

The School Flag was sent to the house yesterday afternoon, with interesting ceremonies, which we will give next week.

We call attention to the new advertisement of Hale Bros. & Co., of Sacramento.

Ready.—The Great Register is ready for the printer.

An inch of snow on Wednesday—the first of the season.

Photographs in Post-Office.—The Mexican Post-Office Department is about to adopt a novel device. A photograph is to be placed in each principal office in the country for the accommodation of the numerous citizens who can not read or write. The illiterate Mexican will go to the post-office, talk his message into the recorder of the photograph, and when the cylinder reaches its destination the person addressed will be sent for and the message will be repeated to him by another machine.

When You Are Dead.—The prize of 40,000 francs offered by the French Academy for some certain test of death, looking to the prevention of being buried alive, was given to a physician who announces that on holding the hand of the supposed dead person to a strong light, if living a scarlet tinge is seen where the fingers touch, showing that the blood continues to circulate, there being no scarlet when the subject is really dead.

Probably a Failure.—Smith-Jones didn't make much of a success with that patent scheme of his, did he?
Brown—No, I guess not. He still lives in Brooklyn.



JENKS DREAM.
Jenks had a queer dream the other night. He thought he saw a prize-fighter ring, and in the middle of it stood a doughty little champion who met and deliberately knocked over, one by one, a score or more of big, burly-looking fellows, as they advanced to the attack. Jenks, as they were in due, the valiant pugilist proved more than a match for them. It was all so funny that Jenks woke up laughing. His accounts for the dream by the fact that he had just come to the conclusion, after trying nearly every big dramatic pill on the market, that Plover's Pleasant Purgative Pills, or Plover's Compound Granules, easily "knock out" and beat all the big pills before it. They are the original and only genuine Little Liver Pills.
Beware of imitations, which contain Potent Minerals. Always ask for Dr. Plover's Pills, which are Little Liver Pills, or Anti-Bilious Granules. One a Day.

SICK HEADACHE.
Bilious Headache, Stomach Distention, Indigestion, Biliary Attacks, and all derangements of the stomach and bowels, are promptly relieved and permanently cured by the use of Dr. Plover's Pleasant Purgative Pills. They are easily laxative, or strongly cathartic, according to size of dose. Smallest, Cheapest, Most Effective. 25 cents a box, by Druggists.
Prepared and Sold by Wm. O. PARKER, Proprietor, 1224 Broadway, New York, N. Y.

LITTLE INDIAN GIRLS.

See They Pass Their Leisure Hours at the Little Indian School.

One of the teachers in an Indian school sends to the World-Carrier an account of the every-day life of her Indian pupils which the boys and girls will be glad to read:

"Their yard is a good one to play in. It is a very large one, and has two groups of trees that make a nice shade, two or three swings, a tooter-board and a little bridge over a gully worn out by the water. In the spring the ground is covered with flowers. There are violets and dandelions, the purple buffalo-burn blue, pink oxalis and others, and the children gather and give away many a pretty little bouquet without ever leaving the yard. In one corner they have made a cemetery for various little animals that have died—a kitten, a chicken, a sparrow and two or three more. Behind the wood-pile they have built of old boards two little houses, each large enough to hold several children. The houses have roofs to keep off the sun, and here, with blocks of wood for seats and broken dishes to set their table with, they play at 'keeping house.'

"The children often go to walk when there is an older person to go with them. One day last fall two of us teachers went with about twenty little girls. Some were close beside us, and others were running ahead a little way. Suddenly I discovered that those before us were nowhere to be seen. 'What has become of those children?' I asked. But a few steps forward explained the matter. They had thrown themselves flat upon the ground in some furrows made by running water, and were completely hidden by the side of the furrows and the grass. In a minute they were up again; they only did it for fun to surprise us.

"Wherever they go, they seem to find some plant that has a part they can eat, and they greatly enjoy the berries or roots that they gather. Some of the fruits are really very nice. There are gooseberries, blackberries, grapes and plums in their season. But the children find something to browse upon at any time in the year. Just now the chief delicacy is the 'tipinas,' or Indian turnip—a little white root, rather sweet and spicy—and the children sometimes go out expressly for the purpose of digging these. They also eat the bulb of the oxalis, rose-hips and sumo-berries, and these last stay on all winter, so that even in January and February they find something they like. One little girl even dug up a tulip-bulb and ate it. It is not because they are hungry, either, but they have always been used to eating these things and they like them.

"They play with dolls in the house, and among the possessions of the twenty-four girls there are dolls of all materials, from wax to rag. Some of the girls have made quite large and good-looking rag dolls; nearly all are capable of making and dressing little ones. They make more than they need for their own use, for they sometimes give their teachers little rag dolls as tokens of their love. They cut and make their dolls' clothes very well, and dress them, as they themselves dress, in true American fashion.

"But sometimes the loving remembrance of their homes will show itself in their play. One day I met half a dozen or more little girls with their dolls upon their backs supported by a shawl, just as the Indian mothers carry their babies; and on another day I saw a little girl carrying in the same way the great good-natured black cat that belongs at the Bird's Nest. Ditto, the cat, seemed perfectly contented. He had one paw on each shoulder, just as a child carried in that way would be likely to place its hands. I think, however, that Ditto is a cat of unusual patience, for I have seen him sleeping flat on his back in a doll's cradle with coverlets tucked down tightly over him."

A WALKING PESTILENCE.

The Person Who Speaks His or Her Mind Always and Everywhere.

The man who speaks his mind always and everywhere little realizes how thankful many of his hearers are that they have not such an uncomfortable, unhappy, malodorous mind clamoring for expression, as is evidenced by the unkind judgments and uncharitable words which are usually on the lips of this frank person. For have you never noticed that this quality is rarely claimed and insisted upon other than apologetically? The Home Magazine says:

"Have you ever met the man who prides himself on the fact that he 'always says just what he thinks?' You have? Then you will agree with me that he is a good deal of a walking, talking pestilence. There is no truer saying than this, that speech was given to disguise one's thoughts. The refinements of civilized life melt away before the man or the woman who says what he or she thinks. Mortals of that kind do not even observe the good old rule about thinking several times before speaking. No. But, ignoring such a thing as tact, which is the fair offspring of thoughtful speech, they betray the fact that they speak what they have no business to think in a way that makes every one about them diametrically uncomfortable and ready to vow that the man who thinks and speaks not is incomparably preferable to the fellow who thinks and speaks simultaneously. Those who work their chins and their brains synchronously, those who blur out their thoughts, and pride themselves on so doing, may be well-meaning persons, but they are none the less unbearable. They grossly abuse the one gift which lifts them above the plane of animals—the gift of speech—when they 'say just what they think.'"

Following instructions.

At a hotel a waiter came out of the coffee-room and informed the manager that a man was raising a disturbance because he could not have his account paid at the table. "Go in again," said the manager, "and propitiate him in some way." Back went the waiter, and said: "If you don't like the way things are done here you can get out, or I'll propitiate you pretty quick."

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